C.175.e.3.(2)

On the Royal Martyr

King CHARLES the I.

Of Ever Blessed Memory.

HOW's *This*! The **Thames** with *Rocks* of *Ice* Froze o're!
Of *Coaches*, *Crowds* and Trade deprive the *Shore*!
Yet *She* may Plead, *She* ne'er did so before;
And *soon* will *Thaw*, and then be *Thus* no more.

But *Hearts* of **Whigs** were *Harder* Froze We know,
This Day, but *Five* and *Thirty Years* ago:
When *Glorious CHARLES* did, by *Their Horrid Blow*,
To *Head* the **Army** of **Bless'd Martyrs** go.

That *Monstrous Wickedness They'd now* Repeat;
The *Sweets* of **Royal Blood** They can't Forget:
Though more than *Twenty Years*, They've felt the *Heat*
Of *Kind Indulgence*, are not *Melted* yet.

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